LIVING IN SOLITUDE.

STRANGE HERMITS WHO HAVE AT-TAINED NOTORIETY.

The Singular Creature Who Prequents the Wilds of Pike County, Pa. Berks Connty's Female Hermit-Hermit Coc of the

"Here I have lived for 40 years, and here "Here I have lived for 40 years, and here I hope to die. I want no other company than these woods and mountains give me. All I ask of my fellows is that they will leave me to follow in peace my own desires."

The man who spoke in this curious way was Austin Sheldon, the famous hermit of Pike county, Pa., the place, the entrance to his home, a small and gloomy cave in the densely wooded mountain a dozen miles or so from Dingman's, the sleepy little village so well known to lovers of the stream and class.

stream and chose A curious and striking figure is this old bermit, now far pe t 80; features sharp, form thin and still erect, eyes keen and glittering and nair and long flowing beard g white as the midwinter snow. It is now 54 years since he trade his appearance in Pike county and purchased a small farm hear Blooming Greve. No one knew where he came from, and as to his past he himself was as silent as the grave. He had no vis-itors, he lived alone, and his brief visits to Milford were few and far between.

Those who came in contact with him found him a man of education and superior found him a man of education and superior intelligence, but he quietly repelled all attempts to break in upon his solitary life, and at the end of a few years sold his farm and went to live in a cave on the adjacent mountainside. Here upon a time a party of hunters found him one sold winter's day stricken with fever and slowly starving. The good people of Dingman's, whence he was taken, gave him tender care, and when he recovered he went back to his home on the mountainside. to his home on the mountainside

Here, after the lapse of many years, he was found by relatives from Connectiont. who had long sought for him in vain. They besought him to return to his old eastern besought him to return to his old eastern home, but without avail, and after providing for his wants they left him to follow his strange and solitary life undisturbed. Before they left they told the inquirers the touching story of Sheldon's life. Married to a beautiful girl whom he tenderly loved, her sudden death a few weeks after their wedding day made him henceforth a changed man. He grew silent and morose, and after a few months sold his property in and after a few months sold his property in Connecticut and disappeared.

In the wilds of Pike county he found the solitude and guiet he so much desired, and there, with his Bible as his only companion. save for one brief period, he has since re sided. Eight years ago he again fell sick, and, found as before by hunters, was taken to Dingman's. His sister came from Connecticut to nurse him, and when his health was restored persuaded him to accompany her home. But the longing for his cave and the forest solitude soon proved too strong to be resisted, and a few months' time found him back in his oddly chosen home, which he said he should never leave again, and thus far his resolution has been faithfully

Rept.

Pennsylvania had until a few years ago two female hermits. One of these was sallie Ketner, who lived in the mountains near Bernville, Berks county. Sie reached the age of 84, and for 48 years lived the life of a hermit, residing all that time in a tumble down havel, the falling timbers of which finally produced the injuries which caused her death. She had loved and been loved in return, so the story goes by a handsome young sailor who left her with the promise that in five years he would return and make her his bride.
This promise was never fulfilled, for the

sailor lover, impressed into the service of another country, died in a French prison before the time set for return. His sweet-beart kept his memory ever green, would never have anything to do with men, and in her bosom when she was dead was found the last letter from her lover, faded with age, written just before he died. She was a fine shot, and during the winter months her hut hung full of game brought down by her unerring rifle. She lived in the so-clety of her cats and dogs, of which she had a goodly number, and often was not seen for months. Her sude life made her healthy

Four or five years ago the people of New York talked for a day about the story of Hermit Coe of the Bowery and then forgot it. A dozen years before Leonard Coe, that being the name he was known by, had taken up his residence in a Bowery lodging house. He seemed very poor, but paid his rent promptly and spent a few cents each day for food. He was morose and taciturn, could seldom be drawn into conversation and rarely left his room. When he did, he always carried with him a brown paper package. Finally he fell sick and was taken

to a hospital.

When told that he could not recover, he sent for John Haller, a former fellow lodg-er, and informed him that his real name was Baer and that he had relatives living in Lancaster, Pa. He also made a will, naming Haller as his executor, and intrust ad to his keeping the brown paper package
he had so long guarded with jealous care.
The day following his death Haller opened
the package and found, to his astonishment, that it contained over \$24,000 in

An examination of the hermit's papers showed that he was a graduate of Yale col-lege and had studied both law and medi-cine. Later he had engaged in the publish-ing business with his brother, but had in time retired with a competence and had finally drifted to New York. There for some unknown reason, he had sunk his identity under the name of Coe and adopted the squalid life of a hermit of the slums.—

Polite to a Fault.

The electoral campaign, fertile as it is in falsehoods and platitudes, recalls to our memory a delicious bit of sarcasm from the pen of Cham, our late lamented caricaturist.

Two characters—the hone of the consecrated oil used at the coronation. It is sometimes called the "anointing spoon."—St. Louis Republic.

One specimen of the consecrated oil used at the coronation. It is sometimes called the "anointing spoon."—St. Louis Republic. the horizon, a calf.

What! you are taking off your hat?" says the wife.
"Yes, love. The owner of the calf is one of my most influential electors."—Chari-

Something to Look Forward To. Saidso-In the next world the rich man will still have the advantage.

Herdso-How so? He can't take his

Saidso.—Of course not, and his poor relaas will let him alone.—Kate Field's Washington.

Bad Both Ways.

Irish wit, as a rule, comes like a flash. Up in Worcester county awhile ago a pro-tracted rainstorm left the roads almost impassable for vehicles. A Yankee was driving in a light buggy and met a jolly Irishman plodding along on foot with difficulty. Said the former, "It's very bad going, Pat, isn't it?" "Yes," responded Pat, "and it's danged bad comin too."—Boston Courier.

Clouds rifted, seaward drifted like white sails. A silver rain upon the tangled grasses, A sweet wind on the mountain where We'll follow sunward by the Behened raffs.

Within the gray, thin shadow of the beeches, By white pools sleeping in the yellow sun. On fountain slopes where sparkling Shallow run Beyond the meadows into placy reaches—

Your hand, dear, so-Pil guide you where the flowers Are new blown, blue and golden, where the

drumming
Of some lone partridge sounds, and brown
bees' humming,
Into the silentnesses of dim bowers,
-H. M. Merrill.

Utilization of Waste.

The discovery that the leaf of the pine apple plant can be wrought into a service able cloth is one of those newly found facts that are constantly proving how much there is yet to discover in nature. As the there is yet to discover in nature. As the plant is extensively grown in Flerida a new industry in time will spring up there, and the producers of the delicious pineapple will have a new source of profit at their command. But it does not speak well for the boasted inventive genins of America that pineapple fiber cloth has been manufactured for some time in Central America, and that it is now an article of export. This is, however, only one of the discoveries made in recent years by which waste material is being utilized. It would puzzle any one but an export to go into a store to day and tell from what material a percentage of the goods are manufactured. Grass, timber, sawdust and other producers that were once rejected as useless are now saved timber, sawdust and other products that were once rejected as useless are now saved and put to practical use. The Hollanders have even discovered how to convert the peat from bogs into the soft wools, which can be spun into cloth, rugs and blankets at half the cost these goods can be made from wool grown on the sheep's back. Such a discovery ought to open before Ireland and some other countries the prospect of a great industry which will increase their prosperity and commercial importance.—Philadelphia Press.

To Keep a Boutonniere Fresh.

Carnations, daisies and occasionally half blown rosebuds that have been used as boutonnieres in the evening may by care ful management be kept fresh cuough to wear next day. A man in town who has a pardonable penchant for frequently wear-ing a buttonhole bouquet, yet does not wish to spend from \$1.50 to \$5 a day on this luxurious fancy, puts away his bontonniere at night as carefully as a woman does he jewels. He makes a hole through a paste board card, clips the end of the flower and puts it through the hole in the pasteboard. He then puts the card over a glass full of water. The delicate petals of the flower are thus prevented from touching the water, and the stem is in its full length. As every body knows, water on the petals of cut flowers destroys their freshness. A bunch separated and the stems put through in dividual holes.—New York Herald.

Consumption From Improper Breathing. The breathing of compressed and rarefled air is attracting wide attention at the pres ent time in connection with the prevention and the treatment of pulmonary consumption and is another mode wherewith the chest capacity can be decidedly improved When air is breathed in this manner, there is felt during each inspiration a gentle distention of the whole chest, while during expiration a feeling of emptiness is experi

inates in a day, but it is the outgrowth of morbid habits and agencies which may even antedate the birth of the individual. Defective breathing is one of these habits, and its permicious prevalence is more wide spread than is generally supposed.—Dr. Thomas J. Mays in Century.

The Roman Collseum.

According to expert calculations, the Col-iseum of Rome seated 87,000 spectators, while 60,000 more could have found stand ing room. The external circumference of the Coliseum as it stands today is 1,728 feet its long diameter 615 feet, its short diame ter 510 feet. The arena is 279 by 236 feet There is still standing four stories of the original structure. It was in all probability the largest building of auditorium ar rangement ever known.-New York Even

The Baggage Smasher's Brain.

"In the brain," remarked the physician o the traveler, "are, besides the portions pertaining to the senses, certain portions controlling the motion of the arms, the motion of the legs and the motion of the

"I'll bet a horse," interrupted the litener, "the baggage smasher kasn't got any of that last portion you mentioned," and the physician refused to furnish further in formation. - Detroit Free Press.

A Hint For Congress.

First Tragedian—Speaking of Chinamen, I don't see why the government can't have a law compelling stranded actors like us to register and be photographed under penalty of being transported to Union square.

Second Tragedian—Yes, it would be a heap better than walking ties.—New York Weekly.

A Gold Spoon.

Among the crown jewels of England in the Tower of London is kept the "corona-tion spoon." It dates from the time of Ed-

pen of Cham, our late lamented caricaturist.
Two characters—the husband (a candidate) and his wife. Scene, the open country. On it, said, "It was undoubtedly the oldest organic monument on our planet."

> Sunday was a day of amusement with the Londoners of 1800. According to a calculation, 200,000 of them spent each Sunday in summer in the suburban inns and resorts in getting rid of \$125,000.

> On some railroads the cars are provided by the Bible society and other religious or ganizations with Bibles that are kept in racks, and curiously enough the racks are systematically robbed.

The Duke of Westminster has spent over a million pounds in rebuilding Eaton ball. which is now considered to rival Chats worth as England's finest house.

A woman says that a man can smile grim ly under the tortures of the rack, but he cannot tread on a tin tack with his bare foot without a bitter howl.

Electric Wires and Rain.

Professor Wiggins believes that telegraph wires cause drought; that the atmosphere Love and High Heeled Shoes.

The German mother says that should she by accident lose the heel of her shoe one of her children will die before the year is out, while should a French lady meet with such an accident to her high heeled slippers disappointment in love is sure to follow.—Cin climati Commercial Gazette.

The Choice of Weapons.

It was Paul de Cassagnac who wrote to Victor Noir:

"I am the offended party. I have the choice of weapons. I choose the French grammar, You are dead."

wires cause drought; that the atmosphere cannot absorb moisture unless it is charged with electricity and that upon an oblate spheroid like the earth the electricity will inevitably collect at the equator. In this way he explains the frequency of the rains way he explains the frequency of the rains at the equator. "If, however," he says, at the equator. "If, however," he says, are of the hand upon the back will produce distortion in the reflected image of a star. Compared with the human eye, this monsite reflector is as 130,000 to 1. It has a pencillation of the cleckric energy, and Europe has lost it, so that our continent is flooded, and Europe is burned up with drought." His concluded in the nebula of Orion, is set in the end of a 55 foot wooden tube held together by iron bands. Although it weighs a fraction over four tons, it is so sensitive that the pressure of the hand upon the back will produce distortion in the reflected image of a star. Compared with the human eye, this monsite reflector is as 130,000 to 1. It has a pencillation of the cleckric energy, and Europe has lost it, so that our continent is flooded, and Europe has lost it, so that our continent is flooded, and Europe has lost it, so that our continent is flooded, and Europe has lost it, so that our continent is flooded, and Europe has lost it, so that our continent is flooded, and Europe has lost it, so that our continent is flooded, and Europe has lost it, so that our continent is flooded, and Europe has lost it, so that our continent is flooded, and Europe should be buried.-Chicago Tribune.

THE MODERN "BUSY" WOMAN. How the Head of a Household Differs In

Her Methods From Her Husband T "busy" woman of the moment is the busies: creature in existence. She is real-ly dreadfully overworked and pressed for leisure. There are two reasons for it. One has got to stand for awhile, let us hope for a long while—since it is because she is still, while poking her obtrusive little nose about in men's work, full of her feminis traits and characteristics. In her heart of hearts she has never quite given up her liking for dawdling; she hates to be ready on the minute; things are wearing that have to be done on Friday absolutely, instead of Wednesday or Saturday if she feels more like it. And, besides, she is wife, mother, housekeeper, neighbor, friend, lady of the house, murse, counsel-or, confidant and half a dozen more things all the time that she is the "business wo

Her confrere, the "business man," gets up In the morning, cats his breakfast, puts his morning paper in his pecket, kloses his wife and babics and slams the front door on all domestic cares till evening. The business woman does two or three hours' work in the way of getting children off to school, orderly mosts. ordering meals, planning sewing, writing family letters, seeing tradesmen, supervis-ing a household in its many details before she, too, takes a train to the office. If you watch her en route, you will see that she does not let her newspaper, if she roads one at all, absorb her, for she frequently lays it down, and if you are another woman you will know by the pucker in her forehead and the compression of her lips that she is still full of home cares. The business woman, pure and simple, is not quite de-velo, d. And as has been hinted there are me reasons why we are in no hurry that she shall be.

The second cause for the busy woman's

want of leisure is her want of system. This is not wholly her fault. She is not born with it as her brother is, Generations of business men have implanted hereditary

business men have implanted hereditary business instincts—punctuality, system, promptness, application, perseverance—and they quickly develop in most young men. It will take generations of busy women to give them the same chance.

"Yes," said Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery, corresponding secretary of the National Council of Women, "I leave for Chicago tomorrow. [It was a few days before the opening of that epoch marking woman's congress that the World's fair gave us.] I shall be accompanied by seven stenographers, three bables and two nurses." rs, three bables and two nurses."

In this way does the modern woman meet

Saluting the Viceroy.

the demands made upon her by this exacting age.—New York Times.

An old soldier and army reserve man sends us the following: I shall never forget the first time that I saw Lord Dufferin. 1882, when a recruit, I was stationed at Barrackpore, One Sunday evening I was taking a walk along the road leading past of carnations may be kept together and their stems put through a sizable hole in the pasteboard card. Daisies should be and several gentlemen, coming toward me. and several gentlemen, coming toward me.
In my ignorance of high life I little thought
that his lordship would venture abroad
without a suitable escort, and as the party
passed me I never came to attention or yet saluted. What was my astonishment when the leading gentleman raised his hand to his hat, smiling benignantly all the time and passed slowly by.

and passed slowly by.

A sergeant, however, who had spotted my want of respect or stupidity—term it what you will—came up with all the pomposity of a drill instructor, and in scathing tones said: "Why did you not said the? Do you know who that is?" I replied in a humble way that I was not aware, and that I had been a market value and that I had been taught not to salute civil-ians. "What, you young villain! Pretend that you did not know his lordship! I will et you pack drill and saluting drill unti urther orders.'

I then became aware of the awful mis-take I had made and passed the night in an agony of apprehension and dreaming of saluting drill and Lord Dufferin alternatev, but to my intense relief the worthy sergeant did not fulfill his threat, and I illowed to go scot free from the terrible crime of not knowing and saluting the vice-roy of all India.—London Globe.

The Dress of Youth.

An anxious papa the other evening drew ne aside at a dinner and earnestly asked my advice as to what his son, a sophomore at college, should order for the coming season. This important query hel me to re view my past—how I dressed when a youth was at Eton and naturally were an Eton acket and a tall hat from my earliest years, agree with English writers on dress that a boy, as soon as he emerges from petticoats, should adopt a tall hat. It gives him a sense of dignity, and it teaches him during these tender years to be courtly in manner and to be able to salute his acquaintances with a grace which it may take him a long period afterward to acquire

Of course, in America, this is impossible.

A small boy in a top hat would be mobbed. This country is still young, and it resents the introduction even now of foreign fash ions. Boys here usually wear knicker bockers until they are 13, unless they are extraordinarly tall for their years. After that age they dress exactly as we do, except that they do not affect the swallow tail and top hat until their eighteenth or nineteenth year,—Vogue,

Anticipating Things.

The youth approached the father with more or less trepidation, "So," said the old gentleman after the ase had been stated, "you want to marry "Not any more than she wants to marry

ne," he replied, hedging.
"She hasn't said anything to me about it." "No, because she's afraid to."

"Aren't you afraid, sir, more than she

aren't you arisal, sir, more than she is?" said the father sternly.

The youth braced up.

"Well, perhaps I am," he said, "but as the head of our family I've got to face it and set the pegs," and the old man smiled and gave his consent.—Detroit Free Press. The Names of Two Cities.

On the principle of "In Rome do as the Romans do," I think it is a sufe rule to pronounce the name of a place as the residents of a place do. Hence we should speak of St. Louis as though it were written Lewis"—not "St. Louee," All good Mis-sourians say "St. Lewis." It is a little dif-ficult to put down in black and white the local pronunciation of New Orleans, but it is something like this—"New Awl-yins," with the strong accent on the "Awl."— Cor. New York Tribune.

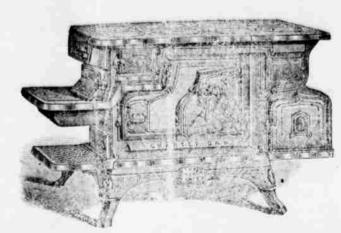
Figures Relating to the Sea The number of gallons in the Pacific is over 200 trillions (2, with 20 ciphers), and its weight is 948,000,000,000,000,000 tons, and it would take more than 1,000,000 years to pass over the falls of Ningara, but if we Furniture & Commission House, could construct a tank 614 miles long, wide and deep it would contain it all.-Ex change. Stronger Than the Eye.

The massive six foot reflector in the Lord Rosse telescope at Parsontown, Ireland, is justly considered one of the modern wonders of the world. This gigantic reflector, the first that ever solved the problem of quire 60,000 years for their light to reach us, and yet light travels at the unthinkable speed of 192,600 miles per second.—St. Louis Republic.

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